

# Gunner Depew

By **Albert N. Depew**  
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 Winner of the Croix de Guerre

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## GUNNER DEPEW, IN HOSPITAL, SEES UNUSUAL INSTANCE OF HUN FRIGHTFULNESS.

**Synopsis.**—Albert N. Depew, author of the story, tells of his service in the United States navy, during which he attained the rank of chief petty officer, first-class gunner. The world war starts soon after he receives his honorable discharge from the navy, and he leaves for France with a determination to enlist. He joins the Foreign Legion and is assigned to the dreadnaught Cassard, where his marksmanship wins him high honors. Later he is transferred to the land forces and sent to the Flanders front. He gets his first experience in a front line trench at Dixmude. He goes "over the top" and gets his first German in a bayonet fight. While on runner service, Depew is caught in a Zeppelin raid and has an exciting experience. In a fierce fight with the Germans, he is wounded and is sent to a hospital.

### CHAPTER IX—Continued.

But there was a nurse there, who took special interest in his case, and she stayed up day and night for some time and finally brought him through. The case was very well known, and everybody said she had performed a miracle. He got better slowly.

Then a few weeks later, when he was out of danger and was able to walk, and it was only a question of time before he would be released from the hospital, this nurse was transferred to another hospital. Everybody knew her and liked her, and when she went around to say good-by, all the men were sorry and gave her little presents, and wanted her to write to them. She was going to get a nurse she knew in the other hospital to turn her letters into English, so that she could write to me. I gave her a ring I had made from a piece of shell case, but I guess she had hundreds of them at that.

But this German doctor would not say good-by to her. That would not have made me sore, but it made this French girl feel very bad, and she began to cry. One of the French officers saw her and found out about the doctor, and the officer went up and spoke to the German. Then the French officer left, and the German called to the nurse and she went over to him and stopped crying.

They talked for a little while, and then she put out her hands as if she was going to leave. He put out his hands, too, and took hold of hers. And then he twisted her wrists and broke them. We heard the snap.

There were men in that ward who had not been on foot since the day they came to the hospital, and one of them was supposed to be dying, but it is an absolute fact that when we heard her scream, there was not a man left in bed.

I need not tell you what we did to the German. They did not need to shoot him, after we got through with him. They did shoot what was left of him, to make sure, though.

Now, I have heard people say that it is not the Germans we are fighting, but the Kaiser and his system. Well, it may be true that some of the Boche soldiers would not do these things if they did not have to; myself, I am not so sure.

But you take this doctor. Here he was, an educated man, who had been trained all his life to help people who



And Then He Twisted Her Wrists and Broke Them.

were in pain, and not to cause it. And he was not where he would have to obey the Kaiser or any other German. And this nurse had saved his life.

So I do not see that there is any argument about it. He broke that girl's wrists because he wanted to; that is all there is to it. Now, I say this German doctor was a dirty cur and a scoundrel. But I say that he is a fair sample of most of the Germans I have met. And it is Germans of this kind that we are fighting—not merely the Kaiser.

It is like going to college. I have never been there, but I have heard some people say it did not do a man any good to go. But I have never heard a man who went there say that.

Probably you have not been over there, and maybe you think we are not fighting the German people, but only the Kaiser and his flunkies.

Well, nobody had better tell me that. Because I have been there, and I have seen this. And I know.

### CHAPTER X.

#### Hell at Gallipoli.

After I was discharged from the hospital, I was ordered to report to my ship at Brest for sea duty.

The boys aboard the Cassard gave me a hearty welcome, especially Murray, who had come back after two weeks in the trenches at Dixmude. I was glad to see them, too, for after all, they were garbles, and I always feel more at home with them than with soldiers. Then, it was pretty rough stuff at Dixmude, and after resting up at the hospital, I was keen on going to sea again.

The Cassard was in dry dock for repairs after her last voyage to the Dardanelles as convoy to the troopship Duplex. Everything was being rushed to get her out as soon as possible, and crews were working day and night. There were other ships there too—superdreadnaughts, and dreadnaughts, and battleships, and armored cruisers, all being overhauled.

We received and placed guns of newer design, filled the magazines with the highest explosives known to naval use, and generally made ready for a hard job. Our magazines were filled with shells for our big 12 and 14-inch guns. A 14-inch shell can tear a hole through the heaviest armor plate at 12,000 yards, and will do more damage than you would think.

When we had coiled and had got our stores aboard, we dressed for action—or rather, undressed. The decks were clear; hatch covers bolted and davits folded down; furniture, chests, tables, chairs were sent ashore, and inflammable gear, like our rope hammocks, went overboard. You could not find a single wooden chair or table in the ward room.

When the ship is cleared for action, a shell bursting inside cannot find much to set afire, and if one bursts on deck, there is nothing to burn but the wooden deck, and that is covered with steel plate.

Finally, we had roll call—all men present. Then we set sail for the Dardanelles as escort to the Duplex, which had on board territorial and provincial French troops—Gascons, Parisians, Normans, Indo-Chinese, Spahis, Turcos—all kinds. When we needed, we had to squat down on the steel mess deck and eat from metal plates.

There had been a notice posted before we left that the Zeppelins had begun sea raids, and we kept a live eye out for them. The news proved to be a fake, though, and we did not see a single cigar while we were out.

We made the trip to the Dardanelles without sighting an enemy craft, keeping in close touch with the Duplex, and busy every minute preparing for action.

I was made gun captain and given charge of the starboard bow turret, mounting two 14-inch guns. I had my men at gun practice daily, and by the time we neared the Dardanelles, after five days, they were in pretty fair shape.

It was about 5 a. m. when we drew near Cape Helles and took stations for action. The Duplex was in front of us. The batteries on the cape opened up on us, and in a few minutes later those at Kum Kaleh joined in.

As the Duplex made for "V" beach and prepared to land her troops, we swung broadside on, raking their batteries as we did so, and received a shell, which entered through a gun port in the after turret and exploded. Some bags of powder stored there (where they should never have been) were fired and the roof of the turret was just lifted off. It landed on deck, tilted up against the side of the turret.

On deck the rain of fire was simply terrific. Steel flew in all directions. It was smash, crash, slam-bang all the time, and I do not mind saying I never thought we would come out of it.

Some of the heavy armor plate up forward was shot away and after that the old Cassard looked more like a monitor than anything else to me. As

we drew nearer the shore they began using shrapnel on us and in no time at all our funnels were shot full of holes and a sieve was watertight compared to them.

Naturally we were not just taking all this punishment without any comeback. Our guns were at it fast and from the way the fire slackened in certain places we knew we were making it effective. My guns did for two enemy pieces that I know of, and perhaps several others.

The French garbles were a good deal more excited in action than I thought they would be. They were dodging around below decks, trying to miss the shrapnel that came aboard, shouting, swearing, singing—but fighting hard, at that. They stood the gaff just as well as any other garbles would, only in their own sweet way—which is noisy enough, believe me.

One of our seamen was hit 130 times by fragments of shrapnel, so you can see what they were up against in the dodging line. A gun turret in action is not exactly the best place on earth for a nervous man nor one who likes his comfort. There is an awful lot of heat and noise and smell and work, all the time in a fighting gun turret. But during an engagement I would rather be in a gun turret every time than between decks. At that, if anything does happen in a turret—it is good night sure for all, and no rain checks needed.

One of our junior lieutenants was struck by a fragment of shell as he was at his station behind the wheelhouse and a piece of his skull was driven into his brain. He was carried into my gun turret, but he would not let them take him to sick bay to have his wound dressed. There he sat, asking every now and then how the fight was going and then sort of dozing off for a while.

After half an hour of action we put about and started away, still firing. As a parting slap on the back the Turks tore off one of our big-gun turrets, and then away we went, back to Brest with a casualty list of only 15. We did not have much trouble guessing that it was dry dock for us again.

We got back to Brest after a quiet voyage, patching ourselves up where we could on the way, and again there was the rush work, day and night, to get into shape and do it over again. They turned us out in 12 days and back we went to the Turks and their Hun assistants.

We were lucky getting inshore, only receiving a nasty smash astern, when the Turks got our range and landed two peaches before we got out. We nearly tore our rudder off getting away, because we had carried quite a number of heavy guns from Brest and were given the job of running them ashore. It was day and night work and a great job for fun, because, while you never knew when you would get it, you had good reason to feel you would get lammed by a cute little shell or a dainty bit of shrapnel before the job was over.

Aboard ship it was deck work, of course, and it was not much better there than ashore with the guns, because the enemy trenches were near the shore and they amused themselves trying to pick us off whenever we showed on deck. I guess we were a regular shooting gallery for them, and some of our men thought they did not need all the practice they were getting, for quite a few of us acted as bull's eyes.

But we did not mind the bullets so much. They make a clean wound or put you away entirely; shrapnel tears you up and can play all kinds of tricks with various parts of your body without killing you. As for shells—well, mincemeat is the word.

The Narrows were thick with mines and there had been a great deal of damage done there, so after a while the British detailed their Yarmouth trawlers to go in and sweep up. They had to go up unprotected, of course, and they started off one night all serene.

Everything went well until they turned at the Narrows and started back. Then, before you could tell it, five or six searchlights were playing on one of the trawlers and shells were splashing the water all over her. Both banks were simply banging away point blank at them and I never thought they would get back.

They did get back, though, but some of them had hardly enough men left to work ship. But that is like the Limeys. They will get back from anywhere while there is one man alive.

A chap aboard one of the trawlers said a shell went through the wheelhouse between the quartermaster and himself and all the Q. M. said was, "Gaw blimey, that tickled."

"But I know their shooting was very bad," said the other chap to me. "Those Turks must have thought the due was behind them."

Coming back from the Dardanelles a gold stripe sent for me and asked me whether I thought there were

other ex-navy gunners in the States that would serve with the French. I told them the country was full of good gunners and he wanted me to write to all I knew and get them to come over. He did not mean by this, and neither do I, that there were not good gunners in the French navy, because there were—lots of them. But you can never have too many handy boys with the guns and he was very anxious for me to get all I could. I had no way of reaching the ex-garbles I did know, so I had to pass up this opportunity to recruit by mail.

While we were in Brest I got permission to go aboard a submarine and a petty officer showed me around. This was the first time I was in the interior of a sub and I told the officer that I would like to take a spin in the tub myself. He introduced me to the commander, but the petty officer said he did not think they would let me stay aboard. I showed the commander my passport and talked to him for a while, and he said he would take me on their practice cruise two days later if the Old Man gave me written permission.

So I hot-footed it back to the Cassard and while I did not promise that I would get any American gunners for him in exchange for the written permission, he was free to think that if he wanted to. It seems as though he did take it that way, for he gave me a note to the sub commander and sent him another note by messenger. I wanted Murray to go too, but the Old Man said one was enough.

So, two days later, I went aboard in the morning and had breakfast with the sub crew and a good breakfast it was, too. After breakfast they



Gunner Depew in French Sailor Uniform.

took stations and the commander went up on the left sleeve amidships, which was just under the conning tower, and I squatted down on the deck beneath the structure.

Then the gas engines started up and made an awful racket and shook the old tub from stem to stern. I could tell that we had cut loose from the dock and were moving. After a while they shut off the gas engines and started the motors and we began to submerge. When we were all the way under I looked through the periscope and saw a Dutch merchantman. We stayed under about half an hour and then came back to the surface. One of the garbles was telling me later on that this same sub had gone out of control a few weeks before and kept diving and diving until she struck bottom. I do not know how many fathoms down it was, but it was further than any commander would take a sub if he could help it. This garby said they could hear the plates cracking and it was a wonder that they did not crumple up from the pressure, but she weathered it, pressure button and all, and in a quarter of an hour was on the surface. While on the surface they sighted smoke, submerged again, and soon, over the horizon came eight battleships, escorted by Zepps and destroyers.

They tested their tubes before they got in range. Finally they let go. The first shot missed, but after that they got into it good and the garby said all you could hear was the knocking of the detonated gun cotton.

About five minutes later they sighted five destroyers, two on each bow, and one dead ahead. The sub steered in at right angle zigzags and the destroyers stayed with their convoy. The sub launched two torpedoes at less than a mile before diving, to get away from the destroyers and the garby said at least one of them was hit. These ships must have been some of the lucky ones that came down from the North Sea. The garby said he thought they were off the Dutch coast at the time, but he was not sure.

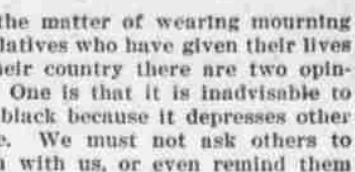
But this cruise that I was on was only a practice cruise and we did not meet with any excitement in the short time that we were out.

In the next installment Gunner Depew tells of the wonderful work of the British and French navies in the Gallipoli campaign. Don't miss it.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Must Remain Awake. "Opportunity knocks at every man's door," said Uncle Eben; "but if you jes' sits down an' listens, yow's liable to drap off to sleep an' not notice it."

# WHAT CAN WE DO?



In the matter of wearing mourning for relatives who have given their lives for their country there are two opinions. One is that it is inadvisable to wear black because it depresses other people. We must not ask others to mourn with us, or even remind them of mourning. The other is that a proper respect for the dead almost compels a period of mourning apparel. It is a matter which each one must think out for herself. The Red Cross has adopted a substitute for the usual mourning and the last bulletin of the central division has this to say:

"The American Red Cross will provide the mourning brassards to be worn by relatives of men who have given their lives to their country, according to an announcement made by the war council. These brassards, which are to be used in lieu of general mourning, were suggested and designed by the woman's committee of the council of national defense, the idea being heartily indorsed by President Wilson in a letter he sent to the woman's committee. They will be furnished free to the parents or widows of men who have died in the service and at cost to other members of the family.

"The brassard, which is to be worn on the left sleeve, midway between elbow and shoulder, is a band of black broadcloth or other material three inches wide on the surface of which the regulation military star is embroidered in gold thread. The number of stars on a brassard will denote the extent of the sacrifice made by each family.

"The brassards will be made and distributed by the chapters of the Red Cross working in conjunction with local units of the woman's committee of the council of national defense. An initial supply of materials for the manufacture of the mourning emblems has been purchased by the Red Cross and will be forwarded to the 14 divisions of the organization for distribution through their chapters. It is expected that the first of the brassards will be ready for distribution about the middle of September. A brief statement accompanying the announcement says:

"In adopting this insignia the wom-

an's committee desired that it should never be commercialized, but that it should always be possible for the members of the families of those who have made the supreme sacrifice to prepare for themselves this badge of honor."

### For the Fall Bride.

A gift which will remind the little bride who undertakes to furnish a home in wartime that Mr. Hoover has his eye on her, is a bread bag. It is made of sturdy cotton; an unbleached muslin would do well. Into it the scraps of bread left from the table are put and are kept comparatively fresh for use at the next meal or for bread puddings or bread crumbs. The reason for the bag is that war bread seems to keep so much better when wrapped in a cloth than when left in the regulation box, where it is apt to mold if the box is close, or dry out if the box is left open. Embroider the word bread, or an outline of a cut loaf on this bag if you are thinking of giving it to some little bride you know.

### Chemise Dress.

The chemise dress, if present indications count for anything, has come to stay. These new ones for winter hang in severely straight lines from shoulder to hem, and they do not show the additional underskirt with which they were provided last season. Some of them are plaited in fine accordion plaits and others are provided with extra applied and floating panels at the sides of the skirts. As for the belts, they are mostly made of very thin strips of the material from which the gown is constructed, and they are tied loosely to confine the gown in some semblance of a waistline.

### Satin Footwear.

High black satin boots, for house wear, are true leather savers. They are really very smart. They lace snugly about the ankles and are made with French heels and moderate points. Oxfords of black satin also laced, are another autumn specialty in the shoe shops. These are especially pretty for informal house wear in the afternoon.

## Hats and Scarfs Join Forces



Occasionally during the past summer one ran across a turban, or small hat, with a long tulle scarf attached and this scarf was simply an elongation of a puffed drapery of tulle over a crown of flowers. Now that fall is here some of those clever people who think up our headwear was inspired with the happy idea of substituting velvet or velveteen or broadcloth for tulle—and we have a chic and youthful winter hat with a cozy scarf attachment. It is a novelty and becoming. Moreover, the scarf is very practical, and we may see this combination developed in several ways.

The odd and pretty hat in the picture has a narrow brim and side crown covered with sapphire blue and gray brocade in satin. The crown is a puff of blue velvet and the scarf is of velvet lined with satin. It is tacked to the brim at the right back and wraps about the throat, the ends falling—one to the back, over the shoulder. There are two small bead tassels on each end of the scarf.

This coquettish model happens to be made of velvet with brocade, but broadcloth or duvetyne would suit even better for it, using either brocade or fur for the brim. It has something

of the rollicking character of the "blue devil" tam in which millinery artists delight and make us wonder that it can be interpreted in so many ways. Rich materials lend it dignity and the same is true of the scarf hat shown above.

Julia Bottomaly

### On the Brim of Your Hat.

Two feet away it was strikingly good looking. Any black velvet sailor would be with a wide woolen Roman-stripe binding about the edge of its brim. A closer inspection proved again how very effective absurdly simple things can be. Mercerized cotton did it. Chinese blue, orange, purple, green and black were used this way: A simple over-and-over stitch made the binding, a solid two inches of the circumference done in the blue, the next in purple, then green, then black; and so on all the way round the hat. A pretty variation of this form of trimming would be to use a blanket stitch instead of the simpler over-and-over. Then straight strands of the cotton might be wrapped round and round the crown to simulate a band.